

After Fifty Years

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ent enemy. (If you think there are exceptions, think them over.) Second, even honest and intelligent anti-Communist leaders rightly or wrongly thought it necessary to indulge their followers in the illusions of Nineteenth-Century sentimentality, and to affirm a belief in the very fictions by which the enemy deluded the ignorant and gullible. **The World Has Changed—and So Have We.**

The tactics of 1920 are now an anachronistic absurdity.

In 1920, the majority of adult Americans believed in Christianity, and so did almost all of the priests and ministers. Today, all but a comparatively few "traditionalist" Catholic and "fundamentalist" Protestant churches are occupied by pulpit-pinks and pulpit-punks who deny the divinity of Christ, spout poisonous rant about "social justice," and with increasing frequency have hysterical fits in which they rush out into the streets to incite rape and murder. And so few Christians remain in the Sunday-morning clubs that the little shysters almost never receive an effective rebuke. Today, Christianity has become the faith of a small minority, and it is simply dishonest to pretend otherwise.

In 1920, the American Constitution had already been undermined by the aliens who wheedled gullible Americans into such booby-traps as the White Slave Act (originally called "Income Tax") and the "Federal Reserve" swindle, and it had been even more seriously impaired by the hypocritical pretense that it was somehow compatible with "democracy" and with tyranny exercised by do-gooders. But it still retained considerable prestige, and, what was more important, the political system was still one under which the harm that had been done could possibly be undone and repaired. Today, although the word "Constitution" is regularly uttered with a sneer by the Warren Gang whenever it publishes an edict from our international masters, the American Constitution was effectively abolished years ago. Today, it is dead and gone, and no amount of wailing and gnashing of teeth will alter that fact. The proof of its death is that it is no longer possible to restore the Constitution by Constitutional means.

Most important of all, in 1920, Americans, although they had been seduced into drunken follies by fat-headed do-gooders and hired traitors, still had manhood and self-respect, and they had clearly before them the great monuments of our uniquely noble and uniquely powerful civilization, which had been created, and could be preserved, only by the race, called Indo-European or Aryan, that has always been numerically a tiny minority among the world's teeming populations. Today, our culture has been so covered with alien slime that crude daubs, scarcely worthy of a schizophrenic child, pass for art; the raucous noises of savages pass for music; the filthy maunderings of an Oriental degenerate pass for "mental health"; and grown men and women, who presumably no longer believe in Santa Claus and Cinderella, listen seriously to fairy tales about "World Peace" and "United Nations." And our manhood and self-respect have been so completely leached away that, to name but one instance, the American people, like a herd of mindless sheep, watched stolidly while their enemies in Washington set up the Pueblo for capture; while a naval vessel flying the American flag was captured by a little band of mangy Oriental pirates; while American sailors and officers, who had been tricked into enlistment by the pretense that they were to fight for the United States, were kicked, starved, and tortured month after month for almost a year; while scabrous aliens and traitors representing the American people groveled before the pirates and begged them to deign to accept a cash reward and a lying confession of American guilt.

A people that can do that is not a nation of men. It is a herd that has lost even the instinct of self-preservation.

What is left? Only the biological fact of race, the yet discernible vestiges of our cul-

Which Way, Youth of America? Road to Suicide



Will you be numbered among the sick generation that spells doom for America?

ture, and the yet fresh memories of what we were not long ago. Those are all that we have left from which to create, if we can, a new nation to replace what we lost.

It is, I know, sad and painful that we have lost so much that we cherished and loved. But we cannot undo the past by wishing or pretending. I loved my father, but I cannot call him back to life, and if I were to pretend that he is not dead, I should merely prove myself a coward and a fool, unworthy of his memory and his name.

What is left to us here under the vast and lonely skies of a continent that our forefathers wrested from the aborigines and, with blood and sweat, made into a mighty nation? We are not yet extinct. We can still reasonably hope that we will leave descendants worthy of our ancestors.

We hear much these days about "unrest on the campus" and "the revolt of youth." Be sure we understand what's happening.

One can scarcely visit the campus of a college or high school these days without seeing and smelling the bands of unkempt young derelicts that slouch about in the academic slums until they are graduated to the "hippie" colonies in San Francisco and other cities. They should excite no astonishment. They are precisely what our schools have been working to produce ever since John Dewey and his gang perfected their method of milking the taxpayers while sabotaging the minds and the moral instincts of children. What is remarkable is that there are still so many members of that generation who HAVE NOT lost their self-respect.

Many of the "hippies," of course, are merely degenerates or weaklings, part of the refuse that organized societies invariably produce and must sweep from their streets, if life is to go on. But, as our better journalists have reported, there are some who have, not without reason, despairingly rejected the society that has been produced by the rape of our culture and the imposition of an alien morality—a bustling society of hollow men, with only emptiness where their souls should be.

Consider, for example, the young derelict who says that he reached the breaking point when he took a good look at his father, a \$50,000-a-year "executive," who spent his days gulping tranquilizers and Martinis in his office, and his weekends in wife-swapping orgies with his fellow "executives," trying desperately to convince himself that he was really alive. In another youngster, something snapped when he saw his apparently

BRAZEN BETRAYAL

(And you thought we were fighting N. Vietnam)

The Newark, N.J., Star-Ledger, Nov. 20, is the authority for the startling information that UN's infamous UNICEF, with U.S. consent, will make a \$200,000 donation to HANOI between Christmas and New Year's, postponing the public announcement until January, at which time the one world plotters hope the U.S. Budget, including the \$13,000,000 marked for UNICEF, will have been finally approved. Demand an end to this treason. Tell your Congressman you will put up with no more of this infamy.

wealthy father, who postured as the "big man" of the town, cringing before local aliens. Consider the others who, after different experiences, rejected a society that offered them no faith, no dignity, no hope. There must have been an innate decency in those young men that made them say, "To Hell with it," and, with a romantic gesture of self-destruction, head for the "hippie" colonies and the oblivion of consummated degradation. It is a pity that such young men were lost to themselves — and to us.

What we have left in our schools is a large number of innately decent and intelligent young Americans who could become the elite of a future that is yet possible. They make no melodramatic gestures; they have thus far watched in silence and uncertainty. But they are inwardly the most discontented of all.

They watch in scorn when bands of young rabble, pepped up with marijuana and "Liberal" jargon, rush out to screech about the "war in Vietnam" and the awful possibility that some sweet little Asiatics may be hurt — with never a word, of course, about the American soldiers who die in that trap. Those "demonstrations" are too obviously staged to create the impression that the Communists are not delighted with their operation in Vietnam.

But make no mistake. The real resentment and anger is not in the little mob of gesticulating ranters; it is in the hearts of the sober students who walk away in silent scorn. They have seen their friends drafted, and know they will themselves soon be drafted, and shipped to the other side of the globe, not to fight for their country, but to die in infested jungles merely to provide a gang of thieves and internationalists with a flimsy pretext that they are "fighting Communism" by making American taxpayers finance and equip the hordes that are killing their sons. That is an obscene spectacle that no clear-sighted young man can behold without bitterness in his soul.

That is one — but only one — of the causes of the deep resentment that lies almost unnoticed beneath the froth of what the press likes to call "ferment." Among the herds that roam over every campus you will still find a fairly large number of students, intelligent young men and women, who, odd as it is coming to seem, came to college to learn, not to demonstrate and copulate. Many of them are puzzled, and some are bewildered; they are sure of only one thing; they are sick of the whole mess.

They, for example, find themselves trying to learn in college what any intelligent child can learn in the sixth grade, but which American children are prevented from learning by glib "educators" who are trying to create "equality." In their home towns they have seen at work the do-gooders who snivel about the "underprivileged" and then gleefully grab your children by the nape of the neck and rub their faces in filth — to create "equality." And here in college, in many a required course, they must hear and recite once more, as they have had to do every year since kindergarten, the dreary drivel about "democracy," "social good," "underdeveloped nations," "one world," and all the other myths of "Liberal" Make Believe, and they see that the purpose is to excite in them a feeling of guilt because they belong to the only race that could attain power over the forces of nature — guilt because their ancestors' intelligence and courage raised them above the squalor of universal "equality." They parrot, as they must, the professor's gabble, but what they feel is not guilt, but anger. And they are sick of "equality."

To enumerate all the causes that, in varying degrees for each individual, excite their disgust and resentment would be to compile an inventory of all the shibboleths and hypocrisies of contemporary society. Their resentment has been accumulating for a long time, but they repressed it until the "educators" exposed themselves by inciting riots and crime on the campus.

Not long ago, university presidents were still rather imposing figures as they recited with rotund unction the phrases about "challenging opportunity to serve mankind" and "meeting the needs of a changing world"

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